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## Original Communications.

### COUNT VON DER RECHIE'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN, AT DUSSELTAL, NEAR DUSSELDORF, ON THE RHINE.

COUNT ADELBERT VON DER RECHIE is descended of a noble family, which, prior to the wars of Napoleon, possessed many large estates. Soon after the peace, many destitute orphans were found begging upon the roads: these poor outcasts excited the compassion of this generous young man, and for some of them he made his own house an asylum, and boarded and educated them himself. Deriving much pleasure from these

acts of generosity, he was induced to found a little establishment for their education near his castle, about the year 1817, which was among the first asylums erected on the Continent for destitute children. Some years after, he adopted the resolution of making the relief of the distressed and the instruction of the ignorant the chief object of his life, and the whole of his family encouraged him in it.

In 1822, he instituted a society called "The Friend of Man," and purchased the estate of Dusselthal Abbey, which had for more than three hundred years been inhabited by monks, of the order of La Trappe. Here he took in destitute children, including those of the Jews; but he was, however, discouraged from continuing that part of his plan which related to the latter sect. For several years the establishment proceeded on a very extensive scale, and the buildings were increased. Although very considerable gifts were received, the disbursements far exceeded the income, and debts were incurred. A large debt still remains; and it is for the payment of this, that an account of the Institution has been published by Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

The annual expenses are above 1000*l.* sterling; the income consists of subscriptions and donations, the profits of a printing office, and other trades, and the produce of a farm. Amongst the various manufactures carried on there, are those of Eau-de-Cologne and china, which would, if better known, probably induce many of the numerous travellers in Germany to visit the establishment.

There is a large repository for religious books and tracts, which are sold to visitors. The children receive a sufficient school instruction, and are fitted to become useful members of society, which, taking into consideration their previous mode of life, is a task of no small difficulty.

A short time since, a boy of about ten years of age was admitted; he had, till then, lived in something like a dog-kennel, and could speak only a few intelligible words. When he was able to understand the instruction given him, hearing that the sun was a luminary created by God, without which there could not exist either animal or vegetable life, he said, with tears in his eyes, "that he did not know till then that there was any God, but thought that the sun was a great fire, lighted up every morning and put out every evening." This is but one solitary instance among the many that might be quoted, as taken from wretchedness and misery, to be taught the truths essential to all.

Children are received from the ages of six to sixteen years, and dismissed from fifteen to eighteen. The boys are then placed with farmers or tradesmen; the girls in service or some useful occupation.

There are two schoolmasters, superintendants of the labour for boys and girls, and many handicraftsmen, tailors, shoemakers, printers, bookbinders, &c., &c.—all of which trades are taught to the boys, according to their abilities.

The Countess superintends the kitchen, bed-rooms, the dairy, (for they have many cows,) and keeps the accounts; and several

kind female friends, attracted by the character, conduct, and object of the Count and Countess, reside with them, and cheerfully aid their plans, by giving their assistance without salary. One lady takes care of the children, when unwell—she is the doctress of the establishment; her sister takes the infant school under her superintendence. An English lady, a great benefactress to the institution, paints a great deal of the china manufactured there, besides assisting in various other ways.

Mrs. Fry has visited this establishment more than once; the last time in 1841; she gives a most flattering account of improvements effected since her former visit. The following is an extract from a letter of Miss Murray's, the English lady alluded to above:—

"When the inclemency of the weather prevents the children from going out, they are employed in making mats and baskets, sewing and knitting, and have more lessons." After stating some family trials, which prevented the Count from assisting with his private funds, from which he has lately drawn largely, she adds—"More than once lately the purse has been empty, and nothing to pay the weekly bills. We of the Count's family and household got together enough for the moment, and I do humbly hope that those who have hitherto supported this worthy institution will help still further. I wish I knew how to set on foot a subscription among those of our rich countrymen who spend thousands on their pleasures, to whom a few hundreds would be nothing to give. I heard lately of a penny subscription having been raised, for a new German Orphan Asylum, in London, which, it is said, brought in 8000*l.*! What a blessing would part of such a sum be here!" In August, 1842, there were one hundred and sixty orphans and destitute beings who shared the paternal care of the good Count.

The Count is always engaged for the good of the establishment, in collecting materials for the monthly periodicals published there—in correcting for the press—in corresponding with those interested in the welfare of the institution—or in some way or other, laying out his life in the work of benevolence.

The Rev. P. Treschow, foreign secretary to the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, 1825, thus speaks of him:—

"No self-denial seems too hard for this good man. His dress, his table, his furniture—all that surrounds him, seems to remind him of the sacrifices he has made, and is still making. But he speaks of these things as nothing. I asked him, as he rode in his carriage, whether he kept saddle-horses. 'I used to keep them,' was the answer; 'but I found that I could not

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keep a horse for less than seventy Prussian crowns a-year and I can maintain an orphan child for fifty." At the present time, December, 1842, the funds of the good Count are very low, and a severe winter is much feared, owing to the very dry summer. Those who are desirous of being useful to this excellent institution will find the means of doing so rendered very easy to them, as Mr. C. Young, oilman, High Street, Islington, an active friend of the institution, is occasionally employed by several friends to forward small sums of money to the Count, and has frequent communication with him.

### THE EARLIEST INTRODUCTION OF CLOCKS INTO ENGLAND.

REGARDING the earliest introduction of clocks into this country, many errors and mistaken notions have arisen; but from my researches on the subject, I believe that the contents of this paper will be found perfectly correct, and it is so condensed as to convey the most information in the least space. The first mention of an instrument, appearing distinct from either a sundial or water-clock, is given by the anonymous author of the Life of Wilhelm, Abbot of Hirsau, (who lived in the eleventh century, and was a very learned man for his time.) He says, "*Naturale horologium ad exemplum celestis hemispherii excogitasse.*" Though the passage is short, it evidently alludes to some piece of mechanism which pointed out the hours and exhibited the motions of the earth and other planets. In the *Constitutiones Hirsangiensis* or *Gengebacenses* of the same Wilhelm (L. 2, c. 34, *net disciplina monastic*, p. 520) it is said of the Sacristan, "*cum horologium dirigere et ordinare.*"

Thorne says (*Sonnens' Canterbury*, p. 89), that in the year 1177, there was an exchange of lands made between the monasteries of St. Augustin and of the Holy Trinity. The monastery of St. Augustin had certain lands on the south part of the churchyard of the Holy Trinity, near their steeple, or *great clock-house*, which lands paid a yearly rent of 20s. 11d. &c. What description of clock was in this steeple is not mentioned; but from its being placed in so public a situation, we must conceive it to have been moved by a weight.

We have now arrived at a very interesting fact, connected not only with this subject, but will serve to shew what inducements are held out to gentlemen of the legal profession to perform acts of humanity. It appears that there was, in 1288, an artist, who furnished the famous clock-house near Westminster Hall with a clock, to be heard by the courts of law, and

which was paid for by a fine imposed on the chief justice of the King's Bench, in the sixteenth year of Edward I. This justice was Radulphus de Hengham; and the circumstance of the fine is first mentioned in the Year Book, during the reign of Richard III., although no notice is taken there of the purpose to which it was applied. It appears by this book, that Richard III. had closeted the judges in the inner Star-Chamber, to take their opinion respecting three points of law. In the course of their contentions, one of them cites the case of Hengham, who was fined 800 marks for making an alteration in the records, by which a poor defendant was only to pay 6s. 8d., instead of 13s. 4d. Judge Southcote, at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, mentions the tradition, and also that the clock continued to go at that time. Sir Edward Coke likewise adds, that the 800 marks were entered on the roll, and also that this clock was considered of such importance in the reign of Henry VI., that the king gave the keeping of it, together with the pay of 6d. per diem (to be received at the Exchequer), to William Warby, Dean of St. Stephen's. But even at a later period, there was evidence that such a clock had existed, for at the commencement of the present century there was to be seen (on the side of the new Palace-yard, which is opposite to Westminster Hall, on the second pediment of the buildings from the Thames) a dial, with this remarkable motto upon it—"Dicitur Justitiam Moniti." And this dial, according to Strype, seems to have been situated exactly where the original clock-house stood.

In *Dart's Canterbury* is the following reference to a clock:—*Anno 1292—Novum Orologium Magnum in Ecclesia (se Cantuariensi) peritum 30l.*

Richard Wallingford, Abbot of St. Albans, about the year 1324, constructed a clock, which, according to Gesner, had not its equal in all Europe. Leland also informs us (*ap Tanerum Biblioth. Brit. Hibern.*, p. 629) that it shewed the course of the sun, moon, and stars, and the rise and fall of the tides, &c. It continued to go when Leland wrote, about the latter part of the reign of Henry VII.; and it was called by the inventor All-by-one, which has since been corrupted into Albion.

Wallingford was born on the banks of the Thames, in the town of Wallingford; his father was a smith, but noticing his son's talents, he placed him, at an early age, in the college of Merton, in Oxfordshire, where the child gave himself up, simultaneously, to all the branches of knowledge cultivated at that period. A manuscript of his, describing the clock, is still to be seen in the Bodleian Library.

The old clock which was in Wells Ca-

thedral (it was brought there at the time of the Reformation) was constructed about the year 1325, by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury. The dial shewed the motions of the sun, moon, &c.; and on the top eight armed knights pursued each other with a rotatory movement.

In Rymer's *Fœdera* there is mentioned, Edward III.'s protection to three clock-makers from Delft, (*de horologiorum artificio exercendo*;) but from this we are not to infer that England was destitute of clock-makers, for in one part it says that "they shall not be molested whilst they are thus employed."

Chaucer, who wrote towards the latter part of the fourteenth century, says, in one of his poems, whilst describing the regular crowing of a clock,—

"Full sickener was his crowing in his loge  
As is a clock, or any abbey orologe,"

which at least shews that striking-clocks were well known at this time.

The cathedral at Exeter had a clock (presented by Bishop Courtenay) in 1480; and in 1523 the clock at St. Mary's, Oxford, was erected, which was paid for by fines inflicted on the students of the university.

On the occasion of the marriage of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, about May 28, 1553, he presented her with a clock, the case of which was gilt and abundantly ornamented. On one of the weights is engraved the truelover's knot, and the device, "*To ye most happie*;" on the other weight is the royal motto.

This clock formed part of the celebrated collection of Horace Walpole, at the sale of which, in 1842, it was purchased by her present Majesty for 108*l.*, and was lately undergoing repair at Mr. Vulliamy's, Pall-Mall. Poynt, Bishop of Winchester, about the same time presented a curious clock to Henry VIII.

The clock at Hampton Court bears the date 1540, and also the initials V. O.; it shewed many astronomical particulars, but from the numerous repairs which it has undergone, but little of the original work now remains.

There is a manuscript in Dulwich College which gives the household expenses of Queen Mary, in 1553, (Booke of Fees and Offices, Primo die Augusti, Anno Primo Regine Mariæ.) Amongst the "*Artificers of Sundrie Kynds*" we find the names of two clockmakers: they stand thus—

"Clockemaker, Nicholas Urfewe .. 18 5 0  
Clockemaker, John de Moylym .. 12 3 4."

After this date, time-measurers began to be more common. But having shewn that they were known at so early a period, it perhaps may be asked, why they were not more generally used? seeing that at present

they are so convenient. For this many reasons could be assigned. In the infancy of the art they were perhaps of very imperfect construction, probably never went tolerably, and were soon deranged; whilst there were few who could put them in order. We find, therefore, that Henry VI. of England, and Charles V. of France, had appointed workmen, with a stipend, to keep the Westminster and Paris clocks in order; and as the artists were so few, their work must have been charged accordingly, so that kings only could be purchasers of what was rather an expensive toy than a useful instrument. Add to this, that in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries there was so little commerce, intercourse, or society, that an hourglass or the sun was quite sufficient for ordinary purposes. Dials also required no repairing.

C. ABBOTT.

## MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

WHEN reaching the cirque of Antoninus, on my return from the Prætorium, I perceived two peasants, who were busily digging, and three gentlemen, whom I supposed were English, from their white kid gloves and black coats, standing by them. The English are the only people who visit ruins in a ball costume. On approaching, I saluted the gentlemen, but they were too much absorbed in thought to return my salutation. The peasants, however, fixed their eyes on me, and seemed displeased at my presence. They continued to dig, and to sift each handful of dust, desirous of securing the relics of which they were in search. My curiosity was excited, and I seated myself on the greensward to watch the result of their enterprise. Success attended their labours. A broken amphora was cleared from the rubbish, a household god, then an iron tripod, a broken helmet, and part of the arm of the statue of a child.

As each relic was drawn from the earth the antiquaries expressed their joy, and wrote on their tablets the day and hour of the discovery. I accompanied them to the calessino, bearing my share of the precious burden. I carried the god, which, with the other relics of *bygone days*, were deposited with the greatest care in one of the carriage boxes. On taking my last look of them, I envied their good luck, and sighed, as I inwardly exclaimed—Such are the privileges of opulence! For a few guineas these men have become the possessors of relics worthy of the admiration of the world!

In the evening I visited one of the most celebrated antiquaries of the Placé d'Espagne, M. Vescoragli, in whose house I met with a learned clergyman, who was a lover of

antiquities, and our conversation was soon directed to them.

"Speaking of relics," I said, "I saw such a discovery this morning! I wish, sir, you had been with me."

"Indeed! Where? At the Forum?"

"No, near the cirque of Curnealla."

"Ah! so M. de Vorlonia has found a mine on his estate!"

"Not exactly: the workmen were paid by some English travellers, who carried off the treasures."

"Englishmen! And what did they find?"

I proceeded to name the articles. The priest listened attentively; then with a smile inquired if they had dug deep.

"Four or five feet."

"Eh! they were fortunate to find at that depth treasures which, judging from the time of their first interment, must at least have been once thirty feet beneath the ground. My dear sir, I have already seen your regretted treasures. I saw them last Sunday, at the house of one of my friends, who manufactures antiquities."

"Impossible!"

"Quite possible—ay, and true. I can shew you a workshop, in which the workmen make nothing but broken arms, heads of deities, the feet of satyrs, groups of Apollos without arms, cupids without their bows. A liquid has been procured, of which a single drop poured upon the marble gives it the appearance of age! There are always to be found near ruins, pretended shepherds, leading to pasture flocks of lean sheep, lying in wait for travellers. The drivers of the calessini speak of the extraordinary discoveries made every day by digging a few feet under ground. The English are their constant dupes: they offer money to the shepherds to induce them to commence a search; the shepherds, placed there on purpose by the company of 'modern antiquities,' always know where they must dig. They pretend at first to exhaust themselves in fruitless trials; they seem to sink with fatigue and heat, which is no difficult matter in this climate; they almost despair; at last, they discover the precious spot, and dig up abundance of relics, for which the traveller rewards them with gold. The lovers of relics never leave Rome empty handed; at this hour money is coined with the effigy of Cæsar, Adrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and of all the Antonines: it is false coinage, which is not punished. Recently, an illustrious German was expressing his regret that all his efforts to procure a certain Otho in bronze had been in vain; he placed his happiness in the medal, and his life was embittered by the fruitlessness of his search. He even travelled to Constantinople on purpose to discover it. A manufacturer of medals, who dines at Lepri's, heard the lamentations of

the German; he struck off an admirable Otho, corroded and filed it, and gave it an antique appearance. At the first interview, the manufacturer led the conversation by degrees to the Otho, then gave the German a box containing about a hundred medals, with the Otho among them. Piece by piece the learned German examined them, and at last he discovered the object of his search. 'Here it is!' exclaimed he, in an ecstasy of joy. Then there was the rivalry of antiquarian love between the virtuoso and the manufacturer. At last, as Antiochus yielded his beloved Stratonice to his son, who was dying of love, the philanthropic manufacturer, affected to tears, yielded his Otho in exchange for two thousand Roman crowns!"

I left the venerable and witty ecclesiastic, and looked with a smile at the Olympus of M. Vescoragli: his gods had ceased to inspire me with veneration.

F. B.

### Spirit of Foreign Literature.

#### AN EVENTFUL DAY.

(Continued from p. 395.)

On the morning of the 17th Brumaire, when M. de N— entered the cabinet of Napoleon, he found him in high spirits.

"Where do you think I am to breakfast this morning?" said Napoleon.

"I don't know, general," replied M. de N—.

"I will tell you then," rejoined Napoleon. "I am going to Bernadotte's!"

"That is strange," said M. de N—, "after the stormy interview you had with him the other day!"

"What is still more strange," replied Napoleon, smiling, "I have invited myself! I met him yesterday evening coming out of the theatre. At first, I hardly knew what to say to him, seeing that we had parted the day before on not the most friendly terms. I thought, however, it would be better not to notice what had transpired between us; so I asked him if he would go with me to-morrow to my brother Joseph's? He replied in the affirmative. I then told him that I would call and take a cup of tea with him in the morning, for that I wanted a few minutes' conversation with him. I have a motive in calling on Bernadotte: I want to sap the confidence that Gohier places in him, and I think this visit will have that effect."

An hour after this, Napoleon and Josephine were seated at breakfast along with Bernadotte and his wife. The two ladies were soon in close conversation on matters relating to the *toilet*; but the gentlemen were more reserved. At length, the topic

of war was started—they grew more animated—and Napoleon soon succeeded in dispelling the coldness of Bernadotte, by a brilliant display of the immense knowledge he possessed on the subject. When breakfast was over, Bernadotte accompanied Napoleon to Mortfontaine, the residence of Joseph Buonaparte, where they found Fouché, Cambacères, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and Louis Buonaparte.

"General," said Fouché to Napoleon, "you must hasten and finish the Directory; for if you delay much longer, I shall not be able to give you my assistance."

Napoleon, wishing to converse privately with Regnault, proposed taking a ride out on horseback before dinner. When they were alone, Regnault told Napoleon that Cambacères had not given a decided answer.

"I will have no hesitation," said Napoleon; "you must see him after dinner; and tell him that it will be necessary to decide to-day, for that to-morrow will be too late."

As they were returning to dinner, Napoleon's horse stumbled, and threw its rider. Regnault instantly alighted, and ran to assist Napoleon to get up, but he found him apparently lifeless. Regnault thought that he was dead. In a few minutes, however, he recovered. "Oh!" said Regnault, "how you frightened me—I thought you were killed."

"I thought so too," replied Napoleon, with a smile; "you see what trifles influence human destiny. The stumbling of my horse was very near setting aside all our projects."

On the 18th Brumaire, the Council of the Ancients met at eight o'clock in the morning, and Cornet made the following address:—

"Citizen representatives—The republic no longer exists. The most alarming symptoms have for several days past manifested themselves, and if the Council of the Ancients do not adopt immediately some efficacious measures, the fire which is only now beginning will very soon become general. It will envelop friend and foe. Our country will be consumed, and those who shall escape will shed bitter, but useless tears over its ruins. Yes, citizen representatives," repeated Cornet, with apparent enthusiasm, "our country will be consumed, and the vultures into whose hands its skeleton shall fall will dispute with each other for its blackened and bloody members!"

After this piece of pathos he read the proposition that Sèyes had submitted to Napoleon, and it was immediately adopted. The Directory knew nothing of this transaction, and it was only from public rumour that Gohier and Moulins heard of it. Moulins sent immediately for Lefebvre,

general of the seventeenth military division, and asked, in an angry tone of voice, who had authorized him to resign the command that the Directory had entrusted to him?

"Citizen general," continued he, "you shall be made to give an account of your conduct."

"Citizen director," replied Lefebvre, "I have only to account to Napoleon, now he is my general."

Shortly after, the directorial guard was drawn away from the Luxembourg, under the pretence of being reviewed by Napoleon, and was replaced by a body of dragoons, which he had placed under the command of Moreau, for the purpose of preventing all communication with the directors. It was now no longer necessary to preserve appearances with the Directory. Talleyrand and Admiral Bruix were sent by Napoleon to Barras, to demand him to resign his office. Barras at first did not seem disposed to comply with this demand, but he finally yielded; and after having signed his resignation, he set off without delay to his estate of Grosbois.

At ten o'clock, Fouché visited the president of the Directory, to inform him of the resolution that had been passed.

"I am astonished," said Gohier to him, in a severe tone, "that a member of the government should transform himself into a messenger of the Council of the Ancients."

"I thought that it was my duty, citizen president," replied Fouché, "to inform you as early as possible of so important a resolution."

"It was much more your duty," rejoined Gohier, in a voice which betrayed great emotion, "not to have left us so long in ignorance of the criminal intrigues which have brought about such a resolution."

"I have served the Directory to the best of my ability," replied the crafty Fouché; "but perceiving that I did not possess its confidence, and that my warnings were neglected, I thought my services were no longer wanted."

Fouché then departed, and Gohier went to the apartment of Barras to inform him of what had transpired, and if possible to concert measures with him which would frustrate the intentions of the conspirators. But he found everything there in the greatest disorder; and when he asked the servants what had become of Barras, he was informed that he had just departed for Grosbois. This circumstance revealed to him how he had been duped, and that the power of the Directory had now passed into other hands.

On the night of the 17th Brumaire, when Napoleon had returned to Paris from his brother Joseph's, Josephine, under his direction, wrote the following letter to Gohier, which she sent by her son Eugene:—



"MY DEAR GOHIER,—Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, and bring your wife with you. Do not fail, for I wish to speak to you on a very interesting subject. Adieu. Rely on my sincere friendship,

"LAPAGEEIE BUONAPARTE."

This letter, coupled with the rumours he had heard, created a feeling of distrust in the mind of Gohier. After a few moments' reflection, he said to his wife, "You must go, my dear, to breakfast with Madame Buonaparte to-morrow morning, and tell her, that owing to the pressure of business I could not accept her invitation; but that I hope to have the pleasure of dining with her and her husband in the evening at the Luxembourg."

The next morning, when Napoleon saw Madame Gohier arrive without her husband, he asked why he had not come with her.

"He could not come, general," said she.

"But," replied Napoleon, "it is absolutely necessary that he should be here. You must write to him, and tell him so."

Madame Gohier then wrote the following note to her husband:—

"MY DEAR GOHIER,—You did well in not coming here this morning. Everything that I see tells me that the invitation of Madame Buonaparte was only a snare. I will rejoin you as soon as I can."

When she had done writing, Josephine said to her,

"You must be aware, my dear, of what is about to take place. I am sorry that your husband has not accepted our invitation, for Napoleon is desirous that he should be a member of the new government which is about to be established."

Madame Gohier replied, that, as her presence was not wanted, she would not remain.

At nine o'clock, Napoleon and all the generals whom he had invited to breakfast were waiting to hear how the resolution had fared which Cornet proposed in the Ancients. At ten o'clock, Cornet appeared in front of Napoleon's house, dressed in his senatorial robes, and holding in his hand the decree that had just passed. As he was crossing the courtyard leading to the house, the soldiers assembled there were quite astonished. They had never seen a senator in his robes before. One of them said jocularly to his comrades,

"I should like to know to what regiment he belongs."

Cornet delivered his message with great formality, and Napoleon treated him with all the respect due to a state messenger. When Napoleon had read the document, he said, addressing himself to his generals,

"Citizens, I announce to you that the Council of Ancients has sent for me, in consequence of which I invite you to accompany me to the Tuilleries."

Napoleon then mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his generals, proceeded slowly to the hall of the Ancients, in the Tuilleries; and after having taken the oath of fidelity to the republic, he descended to the gardens of the Tuilleries to review the troops that were there waiting for him under the command of Lefebvre. In descending the steps that lead into the gardens, he met Bernadotte.

"Take care," said the latter, "you are marching to the guillotine."

"We shall see," coldly replied Napoleon, as he pursued his way.

When he had reached the place where the troops were stationed, he advanced to Lefebvre, and said to him,

"Shall we allow the republic to perish in the hands of those lawyers?"

"No," replied Lefebvre, with an oath, "it would be better to throw them all into the river than to allow that."

Napoleon then, turning to the troops, said,

"Soldiers, your brothers in arms on the frontiers are in want even of the necessities of life! The people are unhappy and discontented! It is to put down the authors of these evils that I have assembled you here to-day. I hope before long to lead you to victory; but first of all, we must render powerless those who are opposed to good order and the welfare of the public."

This address was received with the utmost enthusiasm. In half-an-hour after, Napoleon returned to the Tuilleries to concert with the commission of inspectors the measures of precaution which they should deem advisable to adopt on the following day. When he arrived, he found Gohier and Moulins there, in their robes of office. Gohier advanced to him, and remonstrated with him on the illegality of his conduct.

"Citizen Gohier," said Napoleon, impatiently, "the Directory no longer exists."

"Who has suppressed it, then?" asked Gohier.

"I have," said Napoleon, regarding him sternly.

"Ah!" replied Gohier, in great agitation, "it was to conceal your unconstitutional designs that you invited to your house this morning the president of that Directory which you say no longer exists."

"My projects," rejoined Napoleon, "have nothing hostile in them. The republic is in danger, and, believe me, it is only by the adoption of energetic measures that we can save it."

The conversation was becoming warm on both sides, when Bouley, one of those who had been most active in conspiring against the Directory, approaching Napoleon, said,

"General, leave Citizen Gohier to protest at his ease: you have no time to listen to him now."

A few minutes after, one of the members

of the Ancients came running into the hall in great alarm, and said that Santerre was rousing the *faubourg* of St. Antoine. On hearing this, Napoleon's eyes sparkled with fire, and turning to Gohier, he said,

"You are the relation of Santerre, are you not?"

"No," replied Gohier, "I am only his friend."

"Well, no matter," rejoined Napoleon—"tell him, if he does not remain quiet, that I will have him shot before another hour passes over his head."

Napoleon then left the Tuilleries precipitately, and returned to his house in the Rue de la Victoire. Josephine had been very uneasy during his absence; but when she saw him return unharmed, she was quite delighted.

"Well, how have your affairs turned out?" inquired she.

"Oh, remarkably well, my dear," replied he; "I had only to deal with soldiers to-day."

"But to-morrow!" said she, in a tone of sadness.

"Ah! to-morrow! to-morrow!" rejoined he, thoughtfully. "I shall succeed, however, in war as in love, my dear," added he, smiling. "Victory is often a question of time; and since sooner or later I must find myself in the presence of those lawyers, it is as well that it should occur to-morrow as at any other time."

On the morning of the 19th Brumaire, Napoleon left Paris at ten o'clock, and, accompanied by a numerous staff of officers, went to St. Cloud. When he arrived he found the gardens of the palace thronged with the members of the two councils. Some were discussing with great warmth the legality of the appointment of Napoleon to the command of the whole armed force of the capital, while others were proposing that he should be called to the bar of the Council of Five Hundred to give an account of his conduct. Sèyes was quite alarmed with these symptoms of discontent.

"You see," said he to Napoleon, "we are not safe yet."

"Let them gabble on," replied Napoleon, contemptuously.

"At all events," said Sèyes, "I have prepared for our flight. I have a coach and four horses waiting for us not far from this."

"We shall not need them, citizen Sèyes," replied Napoleon, derisively. "You must take courage, you are in no danger. I have given orders to have the first person sabred that offers to harangue the troops."

The time appointed for the councils to assemble was midday; but owing to the delay that had occurred in preparing the chambers in which they were to sit, they did not meet until two o'clock in the afternoon. In the Council of Ancients, Cor-

nudet, one of the partisans of Napoleon, proposed that messengers should be sent to the Luxembourg to ascertain if the directors were at their posts. Cornudet knew well that the majority of them had resigned. His object in proposing the motion was to shew that they had no longer a government, seeing that three out of the five directors had abandoned their posts, and that it was necessary to form a new one as soon as possible. The proposition was agreed to, and messengers were sent to the Luxembourg; but when they arrived they could not gain admittance, for all the avenues leading to it were guarded by the soldiers that Napoleon had placed under the command of Moreau. One of the messengers, thinking to awe the soldiers, told them that he was a member of the Ancients; but all the reply he could get was, "No entrance here." Another begged that he might be allowed to send a note to Gohier, and he too was answered in the same way, "No entrance here." Indignant at this reception, the messengers went to the house of Moreau to complain of the treatment they had received, but they could not gain admittance there either. They received the same reply as had been given to them at the Luxembourg—"No entrance here."

In the meantime, Lagarde, the secretary of the Directory, sent a letter, which he had in readiness for the occasion, to the Ancients, informing them that four of the directors had abdicated, and that the fifth was absent. This was a flagrant untruth, for Gohier and Moulins were close prisoners in the Luxembourg. When Lagarde's letter was read in the Ancients, it was proposed that they should at once proceed to the election of other directors to fill the places of those that had resigned. Had this proposition been put into execution, it might have frustrated the designs of the conspirators. As soon as Napoleon heard of it, he said to his generals, "Come! the time has arrived for us to shew ourselves." In a few minutes after, he presented himself in the hall of the Ancients.

"Representatives," said he, "the circumstances in which you are placed are unusual! A volcano is beneath you!"

He was interrupted by loud cries of disapprobation. When the noise had subsided a little, he resumed—

"Citizen representatives, permit me to speak to you with the frankness of a soldier, and suspend your judgment until you have heard me. When I received the decree of the Ancients, I was tranquil at Paris. Fearing that the republic was in danger, I assembled my brothers in arms, that we might render you our assistance."

"You were not tranquil, you were plotting the overthrow of that Republic which you say you are desirous to preserve," cried one of the members.



"He wishes to enact the part of Cæsar! He is another Cromwell!" cried others.

At these interruptions Napoleon began to lose his temper.

"You speak of Cæsar and Cromwell," said he. "If I had wished to suppress the liberty of my country—if I had been desirous of usurping the supreme authority, should I not have made the attempt under more favourable circumstances than the present. Was I not, after our triumphs in Italy, called to do so by the wish of the whole nation. Citizen representatives, it is on you alone that the safety of the country depends at present, for the Directory is no more."

"General, you forget the Constitution," cried Singlet.

"The Constitution!" replied Napoleon, "it has been too often invoked and violated; it is no longer respected by any one."

"Order, order! Down with the dictator!" was shouted from all parts of the hall.

"Have I not given sufficient proofs of my devotion to the Republic?" demanded Napoleon, in a voice that drowned those of his interrupters. "Dissimulation would be useless to me. I know the dangers that menace you, and I declare that as soon as they are over I will lay down the authority which has been given to me. In the government which you are about to establish, I only wish to be the arm which shall support it and execute its decrees."

The interruptions were renewed with redoubled violence, and Napoleon, losing all command of himself, began to retort with great bitterness. Berthier and Macdonald beckoned to him to leave the hall, and Lefebvre said—

"General, leave those old parrots, they do not understand you."

Bourienne then approached him, and whispered in his ear, "Come away, general, your anger may do you harm."

Napoleon, however, continued to speak, but the uproar was so great that nothing could be heard from him except the words, "Tyranny, secret agitation, traitors, and violated constitution."

When he had finished his harangue, he left the hall, saying to his officers, "Let those who are for me follow me."

Napoleon was at this moment in a very critical situation; his designs were on the eve of being frustrated; and if Lemerrier, the president, had had the presence of mind to order the guards not to allow any one to pass, perhaps what Napoleon had said in the morning, in passing the place of execution, might have been realized.

"To-morrow," said he to Murat, "I shall sleep in the Luxembourg, or I shall finish my career here!" W. D.

(To be continued.)

## Literature.

*Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* Curry and Co., Dublin.

As a work descriptive of Irish character, we know of none that can boast of such talent as the one before us. Each tale is written with the *naïve* humour that characterizes the sayings and doings of the sons of Hibernia, and the fairs, the fights, and that attendant on them—broken pates, wailing of women, screeching of children, mingling with the "Whoos for the O'Hallaghans," "Hurroos for the O'Callaghans,"—are so vividly described, that we might imagine ourselves a spectator of the fray. The author seems to have mirrored the soul of the Irish peasantry, for each page bears the impress of that which we could imagine belonged to Pat alone. A short extract (we are sorry we have not space for a longer one) will suffice to enlist the good opinion of our readers.

### KNOCKIMDOWNEY FAIR.

"Immediately a man of the O'Hallaghan side doffed his tattered frieze, and catching it by the very extremity of the sleeve, drew it with a tact, known only by an initiation of half-a-dozen street days, up the pavement after him. On the instant, a blade from the O'Callaghan side peeled with equal alacrity, and stretching his *home-made* at full-length after him, proceeded triumphantly up the street to meet the other. The following dialogue ensued:—

"Where's the rascally O'Callaghan that will place his toe or his shillee on this frieze? Is there no blackguard O'Hallaghan jist to look *crucked* at the coat of an O'Callaghan, or say black's the white of his eye?"

"Throth and there is, Ned, avourneen, that same on the sod here."

"Is that Barney?"

"The same, Ned, ma bouchal; and how is your mother's son, Ned?"

"In good health at the present time, thank God and you; how is yourself, Barney?"

"Can't complain as time goes; only take this, any how, to mend your health, ma bouchal." (Whack.)

"Success, Barney, and here's at your service, avick, not making little of what I got, any way." (Crack.)

The next moment a general rush took place towards the scene of action, and ere you could bless yourself, Barney and Ned were both down, weltering in their own and each other's blood. I scarcely know, indeed, though with a mighty respectable quota of experimentality myself, how to describe what followed. For the first twenty minutes the general harmony of this fine

row might be set to music, according to a scale something like this:—Whick whack—crick crack—whick whack—crick crack—&c. &c. &c. 'Here, yer sowl!—(crack)—there, yer sowl!—(whack). 'Whoo for the O'Hallaghans!—(crack, crack, crack.) 'Hurroo for the O'Callaghans!—(whack, whack, whack.) 'The O'Callaghans for ever!—(whack.) 'The O'Hallaghans for ever!—(crack.) 'Murther! murther!—(crick crack.) 'Foul! foul!—(whick whack.) 'Blood and turf!—(whack whick.) 'Tunther-an-ouns!—(crack crick.) 'Hurroo! my darling! handle your kippeens!—(crack crack.) 'The O'Hallaghans are going!—(whack whack.)

"You are to suppose them here to have been at it for about half an hour.

"Whack, crack—oh—oh—oh! have mercy upon me, boys—(crack—a shriek of murther! murther!—crack, crack, whack)—my life—my life—(crack, crack—whack, whack)—oh! for the sake of the living Father!—for the sake of my wife and childher, Ned Hallaghan, spare my life!

"So we will, but take this any how!—(whack, crack, whack, crack.)

"Oh! for the love of God don't kill (whack, crack, whack.) Oh!—(crack, crack, whack—*dies*.)

"Huzza! huzza! huzza! from the O'Hallaghans. 'Bravo, boys! there's one of them done for: whoo! my darlings! hurroo! the O'Hallaghans for ever!'

"The scene now changes to the O'Callaghan side.

"Jack—oh, Jack, avourneen—hell to their sows! for murderers—Paddy's killed—his skull's smashed! Revenge, boys, Paddy O'Callaghan's killed! On with you, O'Callaghans—on with you—on with you, Paddy O'Callaghan's murdered—take to the stones—that's it—keep it up—down with him! Success!—he's the bloody villain that didn't show him marcy—that's it. Tunder-and-ouns, is it laving him that way you are afther—let me at him!

"Here's a stone, Tom!

"No, no, this stick has the lead in it. It'll do him, never fear!

"Let him alone, Barney, he's got enough."

"By the powdher, it's myself that won't: didn't he kill Paddy?—(crack, crack.) Take that, you murdering thief!—(whack, whack.)

"Oh!—(whack, crack)—my head—I'm killed—I'm—(crack—*kicks the bucket*.)

"Now, your sowl, that does you, any way—(crack, whack)—hurroo!—huzza!—huzza!—Man for man, boys—an O'Hallaghan's done for—whoo! for our side—tol-deroll, lol-deroll, tow, row, row—huzza!—huzza!—tol-deroll, lol-deroll, tow, row, row, huzza for the O'Callaghans!

"From this moment the battle became

delightful; it was now pelt and welt on both sides, but many of the kippeens were broken; many of the boys had their fighting arms disabled by a dislocation, or bit of fracture, and those weren't equal to more than doing a little upon such as were down."

### *Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England.*

THE three volumes to which we direct the attention of our readers will be found worthy of attention, as they evince much research on the part of the author, in procuring information not yet published, respecting the lives of many of the illustrious personages of which they treat. The anecdotes with which these volumes abound are humorously told, and pleasingly written. To the student of history, however, this is not exactly the work the most appropriate, as the notices of the respective individuals cannot be termed biographies; and what is more, with regard to facts, the author is sometimes at fault. Notwithstanding this drawback, the work will well repay a perusal. The light, gossiping anecdote is admirable, while much of the information respecting various persons of the haut ton cannot but be acceptable. The general style may be gleaned from the following extract, which touches upon Viscount Dundee, the Claverhouse of Sir Walter Scott:—

### "DUNDEE'S FOLLOWERS.

"On the spot where Dundee received his death-wound, the Highlanders raised a large stone, which may be seen at the present day. When King William was told that the news of the defeat of Killiecrankie had reached Edinburgh by express, 'Then I am sure,' he said, 'that Dundee must be dead, or otherwise he would have reached Edinburgh before it.' Again, when he was advised to dispatch a large force to the Highlands in consequence of M'Kay's recent defeat, 'No,' he replied, 'it is quite useless: the war ended with the life of Dundee.'

"After the fall of their gallant leader the greater number of Dundee's officers retired to France, where a small pension was conferred on them by the French king. When this boon was subsequently withdrawn, deprived of all honourable means of subsistence, and finding themselves a burden to their unfortunate master King James, these brave exiles solicited permission to form themselves into a regiment of private soldiers, merely stipulating that the selection of their officers should be left in their own hands. 'James,' says Dairymple, 'assented: they repaired to St. Germain to be reviewed by him, before they were modelled in the French army. A few days after they came, they posted themselves, in accoutrements

borrowed from a French regiment, and drawn up in order, in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase—an amusement of which he became passionately fond after the loss of his kingdom. He asked who they were? and was surprised to find they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their ranks, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to the palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along the ranks; wrote in his pocket-book, with his own hand, every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular; and then, removing to the front, bowed to the body, with his hat off. After he had gone away, still thinking that honour enough was not done them, he returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. The body kneeled, bent their heads and eyes steadfast upon the ground; and then, starting up at once, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting.

"It is almost a painful duty to record the subsequent fate of these gallant men. From St. Germain they were sent, a march of nine hundred miles on foot, to the frontiers of Spain. 'Wherever they passed,' we are told, 'they were received with tears by the women, with respect by some of the men, but with laughter at the awkwardness of their situation by most of them.' Brave and uncomplaining; obedient to orders; ever the foremost in an onset, and the last in a retreat; forgetting their own sufferings and misfortunes in the all-absorbing attachment which they conceived for their legitimate sovereign; during the course of six years, these noble-minded exiles encountered a series of vicissitudes and privations, which were only exceeded by the dignity with which they were endured. On two occasions alone are they said to have disobeyed orders. The first time was at the siege of Roses, where their ranks had become so thinned by disease, that, with a view to their recovery, they were ordered to quit the camp. Distressed, however, as was their condition, the order was deeply resented as an affront, and, till they had despatched a remonstrance to Marshal Noailles, they positively refused to retire. The second occasion of their breaking orders was in making a lodgment in an island on the Rhine. The French, believing the river to be impassable on foot, had ordered a number of boats for the service: previously, however, to their arrival, the gallant exiles, tying their clothes and accoutrements to their shoulders, and placing their strongest men where the current was most impetuous, joined hand in hand, and in the sight of both armies, drove ten

times their number from the island. The French were unable to conceal their admiration, and were loud in their applause: '*Le gentilhomme*,' they exclaimed, '*est toujours gentilhomme*!'—'A gentleman in every situation is still a gentleman!' So highly, indeed, did the French appreciate this gallant service, that they conferred on the island the title of *L'Isle d'Ecosse*, a name which it retains to the present day.

"The remaining particulars concerning the fate of the Scottish brigade may be related in a few words. Neglected by the French government, and with few of their wants attended to, they were ordered from the frontiers of Spain to Alsace. During this long march, their clothes are said to have fallen from them in tatters; and they were frequently in want of food, and the commonest necessities of life. To add to their distressing condition, the face of the country, after they passed Lyons, was covered with snow; and yet, amidst all these miseries and privations, not a single complaint appears to have passed their lips, and the cry of 'Long live King James!' was sufficient to enliven them even in the extremity of their misfortunes. At the close of the war, they were disbanded on the banks of the Rhine, fifteen hundred miles from their own home, without the slightest provision being made for them. At this period, owing to the ravages of disease and war, their numbers were reduced to sixteen, and of these only four made their way to Scotland."

#### St. John's Greece.

It will be remembered by our readers, that we have already expressed our opinion on this interesting work, from which much useful information may be derived. As it has not yet attained general circulation, we take the liberty of again recurring to its pages.

The following passage, interested us much, and will, no doubt, prove interesting to others.

#### A GREEK NURSERY.

"Our readers, we trust, will not be reluctant to enter a Greek nursery, where the mother, whatever might be the number of her assistants, generally suckled her own children. Their cradles were of various forms, some of which, like our own, required rocking, while others were suspended like sailors' hammocks from the ceiling, and swung gently to and fro when they desired to pacify the child, or lull it to sleep: as Tithonos is represented in the mythology to have been suspended in his old age. Other cradles there were in the shape of little portable baskets, wherein they were carried from one part of the harem to

another. It is probable too, that, as in the east, the children of the opulent were rocked in their cradles wrapped in coverlets of Milesian wool. Occasionally in Hellas, as everywhere else, the nurse's milk would fail, or be scanty, when they had recourse to a very original contrivance to still the infant's cries; they dipped a piece of sponge in honey, which was given it to suck. It was probably under similar circumstances that children were indulged in figs; the Greeks entertaining an opinion that this fruit greatly contributed to render them plump and healthy. They had further a superstition that by rubbing fresh figs upon the eyes of children they would be preserved from ophthalmia. The Persians attributed the same preventive power to the petals of the new-blown rose. When a child was wholly or partly dry-nursed, the girl who had charge of it would, under pretence of cooling its pap, commonly made of fine flour of spelt, put the spoon into her own mouth, swallow the best part of the nourishment, and give the refuse to the infant—a practice attributed by Aristophanes to Cleon, who swallowed, he says, the best of the good things of the state himself, and left the residue to the people. All the world over, the singing of the nurse has been proverbial. Music breathes its sweetest notes around our cradles. The voice of woman soothes our infancy and our age; and in Greece, where every class of the community had its song, the nurse naturally vindicated one to herself. This sweetest of all melodies—

\* Redolent of joy and youth,\*

was technically denominated Katabaukalesis, of which scraps and fragments only, like those of the village-song which lingered in the memory of Rousseau, have come down to us. The first verse of a Roman nursery-air, which still, Pignorius tells us, was sung in his time by the mothers of Italy, ran thus :—

‘ Lalla, Lalla ; dorme aut lacte ;  
Lalla, Lalla ; sleep or suck.’

The Sicilian poet, whose pictures of the ancient world are still so fresh and fragrant, has bequeathed to us a Katabaukalesis of extreme beauty and brevity which I have here paraphrastically translated :—

‘ Sleep ye, that in my breast have lain,  
The slumber sweet and light,  
And wake, my glorious twins, again  
To glad your mother's sight.  
O happy, happy be your dreams,  
And blest your waking be,  
When morning's gold and ruddy beams  
Restore your smiles to me.’

The philosopher Chrysippos considered it of importance to regulate the songs of nurses; and Quintilian, with a quaint but pardonable enthusiasm, would have the boy

who is designed to be an orator placed under the care of a nurse of polished language and superior mind. He observes, too, that children suckled and brought up by dumb nurses will remain themselves dumb, which would necessarily happen had they no other person with whom to converse. When the infant was extremely wakeful, the soothing influence of the song was heightened by the aid of little timbrels and rattles hung with bells. A very characteristic anecdote is told of Anacreon, *apropos* of nurses. A good-humoured wench with a child in her arms happening one day to be sauntering *more nutricum*, through the Panionion, or Grand Agora of Ionia, encountered the Teian poet, who, returning from the Bacchic Olympus, found the streets much too narrow for him, and went reeling hither and thither as if determined to make the most of his walk. The nurse, it is to be presumed, felt no inclination to dispute the passage with him; but Anacreon, attracted, perhaps, by her pretty face, making a timely lurch, sent both her and her charge spinning off the pavement, at the same time muttering something disrespectful against ‘the brat.’ Now, for her own part, the girl felt no resentment against him, for she could see which of the divinities was to blame; but loving, as a nurse should, her boy, she prayed that the poet might one day utter many words in praise of him whom he had so rudely vituperated; which came to pass accordingly, for the infant was the celebrated Cleobulus, whose beauty the Teian afterwards celebrated in many an ode. Traces of the remotest antiquity still linger in the nursery. The word *baby*, which we bestow familiarly on an infant, was, with little variation, in use many thousand years ago among the Syrians, in whose nursery-dialect, *babia* had the same signification. *Tatta* too, *pappa*, and *mamma*, were the first words lisped by the children of Hellas. And, from various hints dropped by ancient authors, it seems clear that the same wild stories and superstitions that still flourish there haunted the nursery of old. The child was taught to dread Empusa, or Onoskelis, or Onoskolon, the monster with one human foot and one of brass, which dwelt among the shades of night, and glided through dusky chambers and dismal passages to devour ‘naughty children.’ The fables which filled up this obscure part of Hellenic mythology were scarcely less wild than those the Arabs tell about their Marids, their Efreetis, and their Jinn; for Empusa, the phantom-minister of Hecate, could assume every various form of God's creatures, appearing sometimes as a bull, or a tree, or an ass, or a stone, or a fly, or a beautiful woman. Shakspeare, having caught, perhaps, some glimpse of this superstition, or inventing in a kindred

spirit, attributes a similar power of transformation to his mischievous elf in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, located on Empusa's native soil:—

'I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake,  
through brier.  
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and  
burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.'

It was this spectral being that was said to appear to those who performed the sacrifices to the dead, to men overwhelmed with misfortune, and travellers in remote and dismal roads; as happened to the companions of Apollonios of Tyana, who, in journeying on a bright moonlight night, were startled by the appearance of Empusa, which having stood twice or thrice in their way, suddenly vanished. To protect themselves against this demon the superstitious were accustomed to wear about them a piece of jasper, either set in a ring, or suspended from the neck. The Lamia too, fierce and beautiful, the ancestress of our 'White ladies,' and of the Katakhanas or Vampire of the modern Greeks, roamed through solitary places to terrify, delude, or destroy good folks, big or little, who might lose their way amid moonlit crags or shores made white with bones and sea-shells. They loved to relate 'around the fire o' nights,' how Lamia had once been a beautiful woman, caressed and made the mother of a fair son by Zeus; how Hera through jealousy had destroyed the boy; and how, thereupon, Lamia took to the bush and devoted her wretched immortality to the destroying of other women's children. According to another form of the tradition, there were many Lamias, so called from having capacious jaws, inhabiting the Libyan coast, somewhere about the Great Syrtis, in the midst of sand-hills, rocks, and wastes of irreclaimable aridity. Formed above like women of surpassing beauty, they terminated below in serpents. Their voice was like the hissing of an adder; and whatever approached them they devoured. Another race of wild and grotesque spirits were the Kobaloi, companions of Dionysos, who doubtless subsist still in our woods and forests under the name of goblins and hobgoblins. Our elves and trolls and fairies appear likewise to belong to the same brood, though in these northern latitudes they have become less mischievous and more romantic, delighting the eyes of the wayfarer by their frolics and gambols, instead of devouring him.

'Fairy elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth

Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and  
dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.'

Though, as we have seen, weak children were unscrupulously sacrificed at Sparta, they still made offerings to the gods in favour of the strong. The ceremony took place annually, during certain festivals, denominated Tithenidia, when, in a moment of hospitality, they not only made merry themselves, but overlooked their xenelasia, and entertained generously all such strangers as happened to be present. The banquet given on this occasion was called Kopis; and, in preparation for it, tents were pitched on the banks of the Tiasa, near the temple of Artemis Corythalia. Within these, beds formed of heaps of herbs were piled up and covered with carpets. On the day of the festival the nurses proceeded thither with the male children in their arms; and, presenting them to the goddess, offered up as victims a number of sucking-pigs. In the feast which ensued, loaves baked in an oven, in lieu of the extemporary cake, were served up to the guests. Choruses of Corythaliastriae, or dancing-girls, were likewise performed in honour of the goddess; and in some places persons, called Kyrittoi, in wooden masks made sport for the guests. Probably it may have been on occasions such as this that the nurses, like her in *Romeo and Juliet*, gave free vent to their libertine tongues, and indulged in those appellations which the tolerant literature of antiquity has preserved. When children were to be weaned, they spread, as the moderns do, something bitter over the nipple, that the young republican might learn early how—

'Full in the fount of joy's delicious springs  
Some bitter o'er the flower its bubbling venom  
drips.'"

### Miscellaneous.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE.

BY J. A. W.

A SHORT time ago, I had occasion to be travelling some distance in the interior of New South Wales, in order to visit a friend whom I had not seen for many years. The evening before I expected to reach the dwelling of my friend, I put up at an inn on the road, where I remained during the night.

On the ensuing morning, my first care was to see that my horse was properly fed and ready for the long journey he had before him. Having satisfied myself on this point, I returned to the house. I was much surprised, upon arriving at the door, to find it ajar, as I distinctly remembered closing it, on account of leaving several



valuable trinkets on the dressing table. Silently opening it, however, I was amazed at perceiving the stranger, whom I had particularly noticed the preceding evening, standing at the toilette table with his back to the door, and diligently engaged in withdrawing the contents of my travelling pistols.

My first impulse was to rush forward and seize the fellow by the collar. A moment's consideration, however, determined me on following a different course. Carefully placing the door in the same position that I found it, I retired, undiscovered, to the public sitting-room, where John Brown, with several of the neighbours, were conversing relative to the murder of the schoolmaster, an occurrence of which they had just heard. Immediately afterwards the stranger entered the room.

"It appears to me, then," said I, after listening to the details of the murder, "that travelling in these districts must be exceedingly dangerous. However, I have an excellent pair of pistols; and if any one interferes with me, I will give him or them a warm reception."

"Yes," observed the stranger, "it would be stupid, indeed, for any man to ride through the bush, in times like these, without being well armed. I hear, too, that Donohue is somewhere near Patrick's Plains. As I'm travelling that way, I hope he will not treat me with an ounce of cold lead. I only wish that I could meet with a companion, and then there would be no fear."

I perfectly well understood the offer thus indirectly thrown out for my acceptance, but as I would rather have had his room than his company, I did not pretend to comprehend the allusion.

"I would advise you to be careful, Mr. Stanfield," observed the landlord, "and see that your pistols are well charged and primed."

I glanced at the stranger, and despite his best exertions to appear unconcerned, the contraction of the brows fully discovered how interested he felt in the reply.

"Oh! there is no occasion for fear on my account," replied I, carelessly—"I took the precaution to load my pistols yesterday evening, and they only require being placed in the holsters."

"You're travelling towards the Upper Districts then, I presume, sir?" said the stranger, addressing himself to me; "would you have any objection to me as a companion? If two heads are better than one, surely four arms must be better than two."

"Holloa! Mr. Holder," (for that I now found was the stranger's name) said the landlord—"what, are you bound to the Upper Districts? Why I thought you had settled on the Hawkesbury!"

Mr. Holder, at this unexpected address, appeared greatly confused. Quickly recovering his composure, he coolly observed that, "being desirous of purchasing maize, he was unable to do so, unless he attended in person."

I remarked that a slight shade of suspicion spread itself over the frank countenance of the landlord, on hearing this observation. He was, however, silent; and as Mr. Holder did not renew his offer of companionship, which proposal was not seconded by any of the individuals present, I retired to my own room.

Silently fastening the door to prevent intrusion, I proceeded to examine the pistols, and found that the balls had been extracted, while the powder had been suffered to remain. Fearing, however, that some trick might have been played with the latter, I withdrew the charges, and carefully reloaded the instruments, which I placed in the holsters in such a manner that, if they had been meddled with, I must instantly have perceived it.

Having completed these arrangements, I proceeded calmly and deliberately to consider of the best measures to be adopted under these suspicious circumstances. That I was to be attacked on my way I entertained not the least doubt. This, however, could with facility be remedied by informing the landlord, who was a constable, of my suspicions, together with the circumstance of the charge of my pistols having been extracted. I could, too, wait for the detachment of mounted police, which was daily, nay, hourly expected. But none of these alternatives would I embrace. I felt an irresistible desire to punish Mr. Holder, who I was innately convinced was the murderer of the aged schoolmaster, and, I strongly suspected, of William Clementine too.\* Besides, I was only nineteen years of age, and having followed a seafaring life, was liberally imbued with that spirit of daring enterprise which that profession is so well calculated to induce. I therefore determined to keep strictly silent regarding all that had passed, knowing that the most advisable plan was to impress Mr. Holder with a conviction that his artifice remained undiscovered. Should I come in collision with him, I felt the most perfect confidence in my own resources, having long been considered an excellent marksman with the pistol.

My resolution being thus formed, I proceeded to the sitting-room, and was not much surprised to hear that Mr. Holder had left the inn.

"I hardly know what to think of that man," observed one of the neighbours: "he is here to-day, and gone to-morrow. Besides, he calls himself a settler on the

\* The writer refers to occurrences previously narrated.

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Hawkesbury—now, I know the Hawkesbury well enough, and am certain that three months since there was no settler of that name there; and yet our landlord tells us that he has been frequenting his house for the past eight months, saying this and saying the other, and yet I cannot find that he ever bought a single grain of wheat, with all his talk."

"I don't half like that excuse of his," said John Brown, "about going up the country to buy maize. This is not the time of the year for that work: besides, couldn't he have samples sent to him, like all other purchasers have. You did right, Mr. Stanfield, not to go with him—he spends his money too freely to get it honestly."

The hour having now arrived at which it was intended that I should start, I called for my bill, which betokened honest John's moderation in charges, and the horse being at the door, I was about to mount, when the landlord requested to speak with me privately.

"Mr. Stanfield," said the honest fellow, "you are yet unacquainted with the manners of these bushrangers, and I am inclined to suspect this Mr. Holder to be one. I do not suppose that any of them would murder you unless you desperately resisted. It is not their fashion to kill strangers, but only those settlers against whom they have some grudge, or who have many prisoners in their employ. I would, therefore, advise you to leave any money you have by you with me, if it is a large sum, and only take as much as would satisfy the villains. If you should meet with any of them and be inclined to resist, don't stand parleying with them, but fire at once. Depend on it, that's the only way to get off."

Thanking the landlord for his advice, and informing him that I had but a trifling sum with me, I bade him a hearty farewell, and proceeded on my journey in conformity with the directions furnished me.

The path that I had to travel was truly a solitary one, and shortly after leaving Maitland, it commenced a drifting shower, which, in spite of my travelling cloak, soon wetted me to the skin. The scar-crisp leaves too rustled across the road, adding, if possible, to the dreariness of the scene. Besides, I was ignorant of the track, and no emotion can be more unpleasant than that of having a long journey before you, while every step you progress is trodden with uncertainty. This feeling becomes bitterly painful to the traveller in vast forests, where, if once lost, small indeed is the probability of meeting with any but a hamlet, at which you might apply for directions concerning your route. I strenuously endeavoured, however, as I rode under the withered and wide-spreading branches of aged trees, that overshadowed the path, and rendered the

track hardly perceptible, to raise my spirits, but the effort was useless. The deep gloom that prevailed, the loneliness of the place, the uncertainty of mind, and the dismal aspect of surrounding objects, struck coldly upon my heart. Then, too, I was momentarily in expectation of being engaged in a conflict, whereby one must die, with a remorseless desperado. Often was I at the point of turning the head of my horse, and retracing my steps; but pride invariably interposed, and would not permit me to carry the procedure into effect. I was thus wavering and irresolute, when my feelings were fairly aroused by my attention being diverted to a circumstance of more immediate import.

This was some object that could not be defined in the obscurity of the forest, but which was evidently moving in a parallel line with myself. The sight was more than sufficient to put me on my guard. To loosen the holsters and abstract the pistols was but the work of a moment. These I concealed under my cloak in such a manner as to be ready for instantaneous use, and then calmly awaited the result. In order, however, to discover if my suspicions were well grounded, I spurred on my horse to a sharp canter, and remarked that my example was immediately followed by the object in the forest. In this manner I progressed a few miles, when, at an opening in the bush, which would not admit of further concealment, the figure came galloping in the path, and, as I fully expected, the *soi-disant* Mr. Holder rode up alongside of me.

"Well, Mr. Stanfield," said he, "so I see that you are upon your journey, and a wet day you have for it too."

"I am so, Mr. Holder," returned I, looking intently at his countenance, "and I find the roads sufficiently difficult without riding for miles in the bush among fallen timber."

"Oh," said the bushranger (for so I must now term him), as a frown overspread his countenance, "I lost my way, and—"

"And that accounts for your riding so many miles alongside of me," interrupted I.

"I suppose every one may please himself," answered the robber.

"Of course they may, and it is therefore my pleasure to ride alone."

"But suppose I think proper to ride with you a few miles," he ironically rejoined.

"I do not choose to keep company with a murderer," was the cool reply.

"Hah! a murderer!—and pray, youngster," surlily observed the villain, throwing off all reserve, "how do you know that I'm a murderer?"

"Do you imagine I marked not the demoniac scowl that followed the aged harmless man whom you murdered last night?"

Had you no feelings of mercy on his silvery hairs or his utter helplessness? Cowardly assassin!" continued I, in an excited voice, "you were the murderer too, of that unoffending boy, William Clementine. I know you well now, and ere we part you shall render to me a dearbought account of your actions."

"And who am I, then?" growled the bushranger, as he vainly essayed to laugh scornfully at my threats, while his bosom was inflated with rage.

"Donohue—that demon whose career is sodden with blood!"

"'Tis false!" vociferated the assassin—"false as hell! Yes! I murdered that old fool of a man for imprecating curses on my head; and I hated him because he was liked. I murdered, too, that sickly boy they called Clementine. He gave evidence against me in court, and through him my flesh was mutilated by lashes—ay, by lashes from a base-born menial, who would once have cringed at my feet for support. 'Twas then I swore—deeply, bitterly swore—that I would have full, lasting revenge against all who are free. And I have had it—I have enjoyed it—and I will still enjoy it. Donohue!" continued the villain, as a sarcastic smile settled on his flushed brow; "do you think that he would have trifled away his time with that boy Clementine, in talking of paltry gifts presented by weak mothers? Donohue! do you think, youngster, that there are not hearts as bold, and arms as prompt to strike, as his? Donohue! When the bright flash gleams, 'tis then he speaks—but my revenge is equally sure."

"You may be Donohue, or you may not be," answered I, "but I swear by Heaven that I spare you not!"

"Spare!—ha! ha! spare!" I could and would have spared you, because you have not yet trampled over unfortunate men—because you are a stranger, and will shortly leave this accursed land; but now," he sternly added, "your doom is fixed. Ten minutes is the uttermost span of your existence."

As the murderer repeated these words, he pulled from his pocket a watch, and murmuring a few words, returned it to its receptacle.

"I have already wasted too much time. You will now please to follow me," observed the bushranger, with mock politeness. "I shall require your company for a little time."

"I do not intend to move one step out of this path," I coolly rejoined.

"Then I must have recourse to something that will make you," was the reply. And the bushranger leant forward to extricate his pistols from their fastenings.

"Stop!" vociferated I, in a voice that

made the villain start—"stop! ere you have the contents of this pistol through your head!"

"Young gentlemen should not leave pistols about their rooms," was the ironical answer; "people are apt to meddle with them, and see what they contain! Now, Mr. Stanfield, will you come with me before I fire?"

And as the bushranger uttered these words, he had loosened the pistols, and was already settling himself in his saddle.

I replied not—the pistol was raised—the fatal pressure applied to its trigger—the stillness of the forest was broken—there was a loud, a piercing shriek—and the bushranger rolled a lifeless corpse on the path!—*Adelaide Chronicle.*

### The Gatherr.

*No Trust.*—A gentleman having lent a guinea to one whose promises he had not much faith in, was surprised to find that he paid him punctually. The same person being soon after desirous of borrowing another guinea—"No," said the other, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it another time."

*The Money Power.*—Whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands books to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.

—*T. Carlyle.*

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles or embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson.*

*No Real Greatness without Sincerity.*—No real greatness can long co-exist with deceit. The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere, lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralysed.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

*Too True.*—"Of all professions," says Goldsmith, "I do not know a more useful or a more honourable one than a schoolmaster; at the same time I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are less rewarded."

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